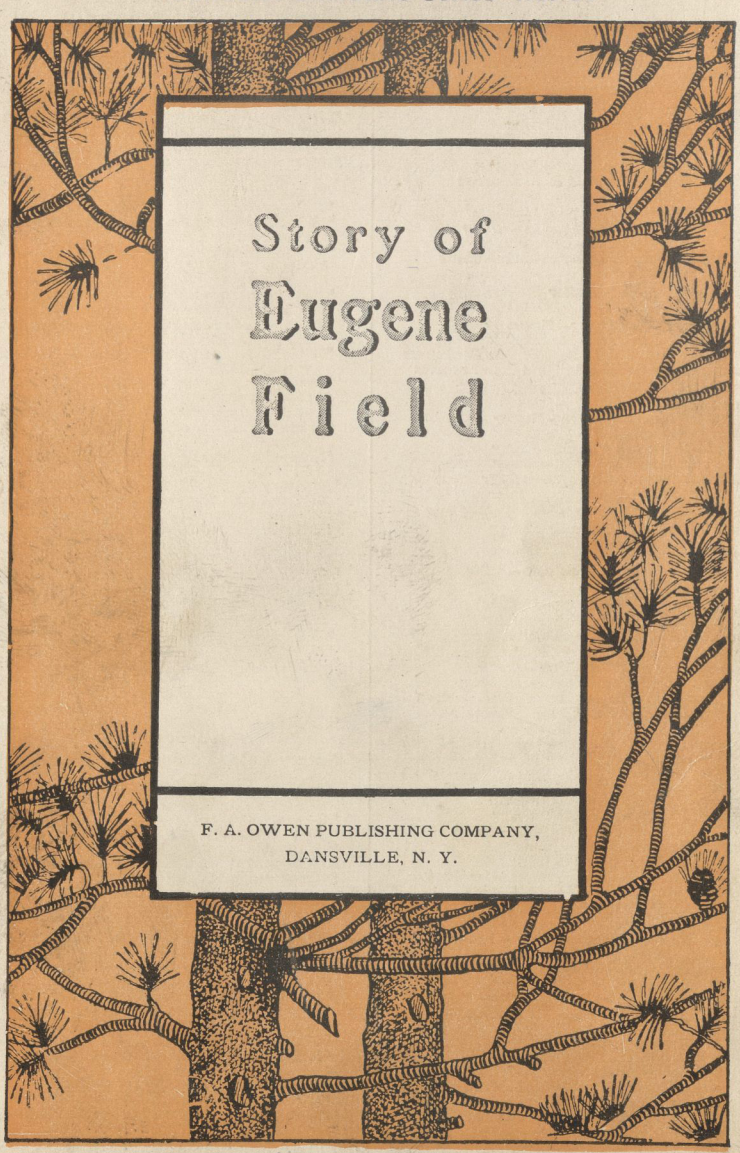
Instructor Literature Series—No. 91



Story of Eugene Field

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

The Story of Eugene Field

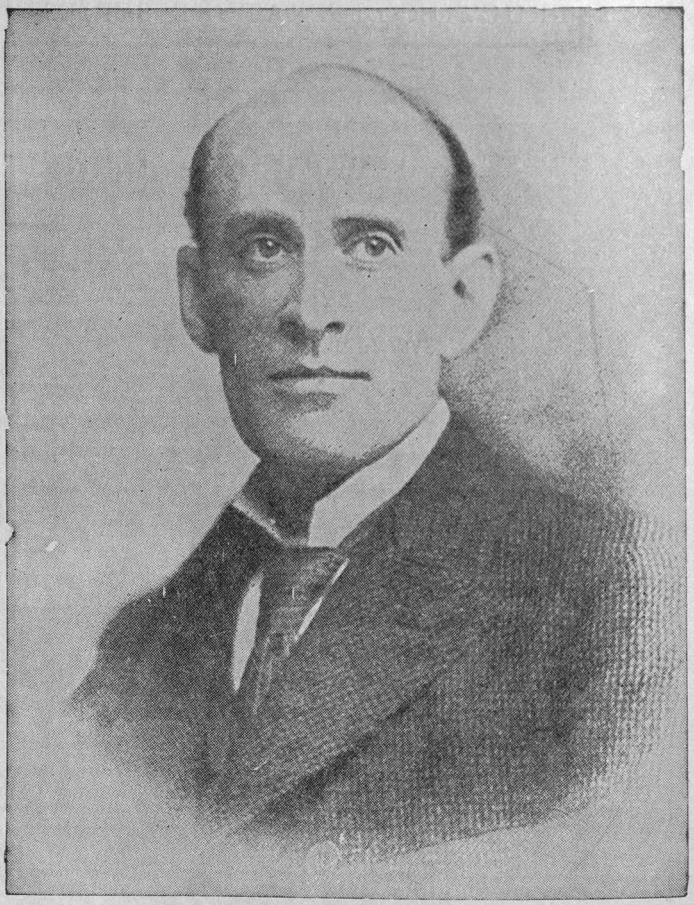
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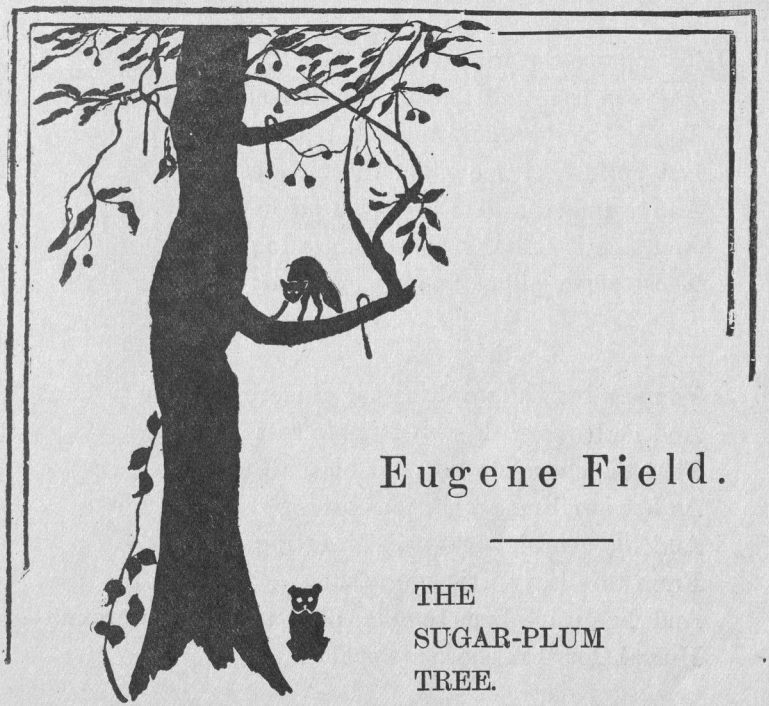
Nellie McCabe



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Eugene Field.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shores of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet,
(As those who have tasted it say),
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard
time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint
canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white night cap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

Come, children, we will hold out our aprons and catch some of the beautiful stories that fall from Mr. Field's Sugar Plum Tree in Shut-Eye Town.

So,

"Don't detain
The Shut-Eye train!
'Ting aling!' the bell it goeth,
'Toot-toot!' the whistle bloweth.
Oh, the sights that we shall see!
All aboard for Shut-Eye Town!"

Eugene Field sings to the children, and they gather eagerly around him. They pretend they are whirled away to Shut-Eye Town where all the delightful things they can think of grow.

The children's eyes grow large and bright as they hear of this strange land where chocolate drops grow on trees, monkeys can talk to them and bears are good play fellows; but they open their eyes wider and wider as Mr. Field tells them of a wonderful duel fought between a dog and a cat.

No one saw this terrible battle but the old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate which stood on the mantle.

This fight happened at night, when all were asleep, and there were no traces of either the cat or dog to be found next morning.

Some thought they both must have been stolen by burglars, but Mr. Field says:

"But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that?
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.")

The children's voices ring with merry laughter over the terrible fate of the cat and dog, and they still beg for "just one more story, Mr. Field." He obeys their request by telling them of the Fly-Away Horse that takes them to the land of dreams when they go to sleep at night.

Just as their eyes are closing, the horse's long neigh is heard, and he stands near them. They spring upon his back and are carried over streams and across the sea so fast that even the fish are scared as they see them flying through the air.

"And the Fly-Away Horse seeks those faraway lands
You little folk dream of at night—
Where candy trees grow, and honeybrooks flow,
And corn fields with pop-corn are white;
And the beasts in the wood are ever so good
To the children who visit them there—
What glory astride of a lion to ride,
Or to wrestle around with a bear!
The monkeys, they say,
'Come on, let us play,'
And they frisk in the cocoanut-trees;
While the parrots, that cling
To the peanut vines, sing
Or converse with comparative ease!"

The children could listen forever to the delightful stories that fall from Mr. Field's Sugar-Plum Tree in the land of dreams, but in answer to their request for another story Mr. Field tells them to run and play, as he must now write something for grown up folks. That was his real work, but he never loved it half so well as to please the children with his stories.

Each happy child runs home to his mother to recount the wonderful sweet stories he has heard, but to understand them fully mother must go to Dreamland with the children.

"O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder."

After the children have scampered home Mr. Field goes to his study to write for the Chicago News, a paper that is now called the Chicago Record-Herald.

Every day for twelve years, till 1895, Mr. Field wrote a column for this paper called "Sharps and Flats." This column in the paper was always so bright that a great many people loved to read it. He said interesting and witty things about the happenings of the day; so he had many grown people who liked to listen to him besides his little friends, the children.

In imagination, we will take a trip to his library, where he wrote, for we are interested to know what kind of a room it was. The first thing we notice is that it is papered a bright red, which was his favorite color.

In one of his poems he says:

"Any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best."

All around the room are scattered many books, old books, new books, second-hand books, curious books and children's books.

His library contained many things besides books. If he became interested in any subject he made a complete study of it, and a collection of things that struck his fancy.

At one time he made a study of bottles, and he had queer bottles from every country in this collection.

At another time he made a collection of envelopes, such as were used in the War of the Rebellion. He had them all handsomely mounted and bound in book form.

He had a collection of bells, the ringing of which caused their handles, made in the shape of old men and women, sprites and freaks, to perform all sorts of laughable tricks, such as sticking out their tongues, shaking their heads and what not.

He was very fond of toys of all kinds and was

delighted to entertain the children with them when they came to see him.

Among his collections was a collection of dolls of all kinds and sizes; black dolls, white dolls, rag dolls, bisque dolls. One day he ordered a dozen bisque dolls to be sent to his house. His friends wondered why he needed so many, and he said to give away to his little friends when they came to see him.

He also was delighted to receive dolls as gifts and many of his little friends sent him a doll. These he always kept, and Mrs. Field still has the collection which is quite a large one.

But among his collections the things he prized most highly were an axe and a pair of scissors. The axe had been given him by Mr. Gladstone, the great Englishman, who chopped down trees with it for exercise, when he was tired of studying. Mr. Field had a postal card written by Mr. Gladstone, fastened to the axe to prove that it was genuine.

The scissors were given to him by Mr. Charles A. Dana, who was the editor of The New York Sun. The scissors had been used by Mr. Dana in his office, and as Mr. Field admired Mr. Dana very much, he kept the scissors.

On Mr. Field's writing table were many bottles of colored ink that he used to decorate the edges of his papers. He wrote on a plate glass table, and used a very fine pen.

He began to write every morning about nine o'clock and wrote until about one o'clock to finish his newspaper work; then he read a great deal to get ready for his newspaper work for the next day.

After his day's work, he would put aside his pens and papers and books, and have a romp with his children that he loved so dearly. His happiest hours were spent with them.

Their real names were almost forgotten for they were never used by him. He always called them Trotty, Pinney, Daisy, Googhy, and Posey.

Trotty's real name was Mary; Pinney's, Eugene; Daisy's, Frederick; Googhy's, Ruth; Posey's, Roswell Francis.

Sometimes he played a game with them. When Daisy was about four years old, he played this game with him. He was the big blue bear and Daisy was the little rabbit, and they would start out together on an imaginary trip. Upon one of these pretended journeys, they chanced to take a jelly cake made by one of their aunties. They found an old witch and to gain her good will so she would not hurt them, they gave her the jelly cake. She ate this and it caused her death, which broke the spell and changed them from animals into human beings again.

Mr. Field had many little friends besides his

own children, who loved him dearly. He received many letters from a little girl who was a good friend of his. He always answered her letters, and he told her in one letter that he was looking out of the window and that every thing looked very beautiful. He brought his letter to a close by saying, "Now I must go out and shoot a buffalo for breakfast."

One day he met a sweet little girl, who was at play, dressing her pet pug dog up in baby clothes. He thought she was so cute and funny that he wrote the poem, The Sugar-Plum Tree, and gave it to her.

A bright little girl once complained about the wind that moaned and wailed so that it frightened her and she could not sleep.

Mr. Field said, "Never mind, Annie, I will write about that old wind." He wrote the poem, The Night Wind, and gave it to her. This poem tells about a child being afraid of the wind, and lying awake wondering why it went wailing so; and the child's mother said that when she had been bad, if you would ask the wind, when you're snug in bed,

"Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way;
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!

Once when on a visit Mr. Field heard the little boy in the house talking in his sleep. The boy had eaten too much at the supper table and had bad dreams, so the next morning Mr. Field wrote the poem, "Seein' Things at Night," and gave it to him.

The poem tells about a little boy who is not afraid of snakes or toads or anything like that, but after he goes to bed at night and his mother takes the light away, he sees ghosts and spirits.

"A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' pintin' at me—so!"

The boy thinks of all the wrong things he has done and makes up his mind to be good so he won't be seeing things at night.

Mr. Field used to travel around and give readings of his poems and tell some of his quaint, beautiful stories. People would come in crowds to hear him, as he was very popular.

He had a deep voice, bright eyes, and an expressive face, and he could mimic almost anybody. If he had not been a writer he could have been a great actor. Sometimes for the amusement of his friends he used to give scenes from plays, and do it a great deal better than most actors could.

Once, because he had this gift of acting a part, he played a strange prank on some friends of his who were invited to his house to dinner. When it was about time for the guests

to come Mr. and Mrs. Field went out into the kitchen and found that the servant girl had suddenly left. This did not seem to worry Mr. Field very much for he always thought of a way out of everything.

He said nothing about the girl leaving, to his guests, but kept talking all the time about a new servant they had, called Camille. He told them she was a fine servant and an excellent cook.

They were called out to dinner, and when they were seated at the table Mr. Field called Camille, but no one answered; at that Mr. Field excused himself and went into the kitchen. The people at the table heard loud talking and scolding coming from the kitchen and felt embarrassed because they thought they had come at the wrong time.

Presently Mr. Field appeared, bearing in his hands a roast of beef on a platter. On his head was a waitress's cap, and he had on an apron. He was Camille. He had carried on a conversation in two tones of voice, one to mimic the supposed servant. He enjoyed this joke very much as his guests did also.

He was such a joker that very few people gave him credit for studying as much as he did; but he was always studying and reading. His jokes were always kind, they were full of fun but did not hurt.

He belonged to an odd little club that met in a bookstore. He nicknamed it the "Saints and Sinners Club." There were some preachers who belonged to the club, and they were the "Saints." The place where they met was called "The Corner."

There was much merriment at these meetings, and sometimes Mr. Field wrote the things that were said for his column of "Sharps and Flats" in the newspaper. Of course he put it down in his own bright interesting way that made everyone like to read it. He never neglected his newspaper work, for that brought him his living.

One time Mr. Field wanted a raise in salary, but he did not like to ask for it directly for fear he would be refused; so he thought of a bit of fooling that might be carried out and gain his point.

He went into the newspaper office in Chicago one day with four of his children, all dressed in very shabby clothes.

They all looked very appealingly at the editor and finally Mr. Field said, "Please, Mr. Stone, can't you see your way to raise my salary?"

They granted Mr. Field's request that was made in such a funny way, but they had a good chance to get even with him at Christmas.

It was the custom at the "News" office to

give everyone who wrote for them a turkey for Christmas.

Mr. Field wrote to them and told them he would prefer a suit of clothes.

Here was a fine chance for them to joke the joker, so they sent him a suit of prison clothes. Mr. Field accepted this suit of clothes and kept them at the "News" office. For a long time after this whenever any strangers came, he would put on the prison clothes, and with a coal bucket and shovel in hand, would tell them how much money that newspaper made by employing cheap convict labor.

Sometimes the joke was against him but he took it good-naturedly. He always felt kindly toward people unless they pretended to be something they were not, and then it did not take him long to let everybody know what frauds they were.

Mr. Field was very fond of pets and animals, and a story is told of him that rather than see a dog ill-treated he bought it and brought it home. He could not well afford to do this as he was never a rich man. In this case he paid the money for the dog that he had intended to use for the rent.

People knew his liberal, generous nature and made all sorts of requests of him. One lady asked him to give her a poem, he did so and

was much disgusted to find it in a bookstore, where she had sold it.

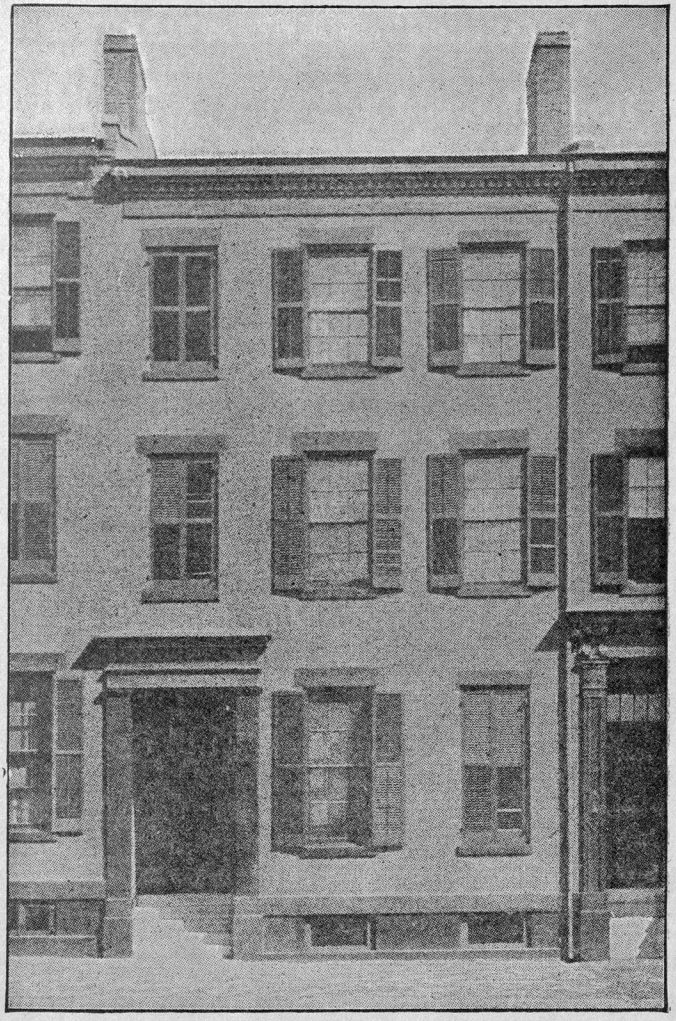
In Chicago, Mr. Field was loved so much that no one could ever get him away from there, even when Eastern papers offered him good positions.

All his neighbors at Buena Park, a suburb of Chicago, were glad to have him in their neighborhood. On any summer's day, you would generally find a crowd on his lawn with Mr. Field entertaining them. The children flocked around him and he told them the most wonderful stories made up right then and there.

He joked his neighbors in public and in private. If they had dogs, he wrote funny stories about them. If they were fond of plants, he would carry them slips which he gave long names and assured them had very beautiful blossoms. He planted them with his own hands, but what was their dismay when they came up to find they were nothing but Canadian thistles or some common weed.

An author one day called on Mr. Field and they began talking about their boyhood days. Mr. Field said he was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1850. His parents were Roswell Martin Field and Frances Reed Field, who were Vermont people that had moved to St. Louis.

When he was seven years old his mother died leaving the two little boys, Eugene and Roswell



Eugene Field's Birthplace in St. Louis

Field. That Eugene Field did not forget this beautiful mother that died so young, is shown by a sweet poem he wrote, "To My Mother."

"How fair you are, my mother!
Ah, though 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago."

When their mother died, Mr. Field's father sent the two boys to Amherst, Massachusetts, to live with a cousin. This cousin, Miss Mary Field French, did much to make the lives of the two boys very happy.

Many years after when Mr. Field wrote his "Little Book of Western Verse," he gave her the volume with these words on the front page;

"A dying mother gave to you
Her child a many years ago;
How in your gracious love he grew,
You know, dear, patient heart, you know."

Miss French found good teachers for the two boys and always saw that they had their lessons. The boys were full of pranks and fun and their cousin helped them have a happy time.

One year she gave them a Christmas tree, which the boys loved so well that they could

not bear to throw it away after Christmas was over, so they planted it and strange to say, it took root and grew.

Mr. Field said if he ever went back there he would have these words engraved on a piece of metal and tacked on the tree; "Pause, busy traveler, and give a thought to the happy days of two Western boys, who lived in old New England, and make up your minds to make the boyhood near you happier and brighter."

Little Eugene had many pets which he delighted to give names. His chickens were "Finnikin," "Minnikin," "Dump," "Poog" and "Boog."

Because his dog looked like an Irishman, he thought, he called him "Dooley."

He was kind hearted to a fault. When he was fourteen he accidentally stepped on a little chicken one day, and killed it. He carried it home tenderly and hours afterward his cousin found him still holding the chicken and sobbing as if his heart would break.

In after years Mr. Field said, "If I could have my way, I should make the abuse of horses, dogs and cattle a penal offense; I should abolish dog laws and dog catchers, and I would severely punish everybody who caught and caged birds.

He went one summer to visit his grandmother who lived on a farm, and stayed there seven

months. He said he guessed his grandmother had all the grandson she wanted.

It was there he learned to love nature so much, and said every child ought to live in the country even if only for a little while.

He remembered the little stream near the farm and afterward wrote about it.

THE BROOK.

I'm hastening from the distant hills,
With swift and noisy flowing;
Nursed by a thousand tiny rills,
I'm ever onward going.

The willows cannot stay my course,
With all their pliant wooing;
I sing and sing till I am hoarse,
My prattling way pursuing.

I kiss the pebbles as I pass,
And hear them say they love me,
I make obeisance to the grass
That kindly bends above me.

So onward through the meads and dells
I hasten, never knowing
The secret motive that impels
Or whither I am going.

His grandmother was a very religious woman and thought Eugene ought to know more about the Bible. She paid him ten dollars for learning the Ten Commandments. She tried every way she could to have him study the Bible,

and offered him nine pence for every sermon he would write.

He was anxious to earn grandma's nine pence, but it gave him a knowledge of the Bible of which in after years he was very proud. Here is part of a sermon he wrote when he was only nine years old, and it is really very good for a boy of that age.

Text in Prov., Chap. 13, Verse 15.

"The life of a Christian is often compared to a race that is hard, and to a battle in which a man must fight hard to win; these comparisons have prevented many from becoming Christians."

Mr. Field liked to read this over and often laughed over the big words he used when he was such a little boy.

His father sent him to Williams College, but after the death of his father he went to school at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, because his guardian lived there. His brother was sent to Columbia, Missouri, because it was thought the two brothers would study better if they were not at the same school.

Eugene was very popular at college, because he was bright and fun loving. He used to make up funny songs and write on the college paper.

Judge Gray, who had the managing of Eugene's and his brother's money until they

were of age, took a great interest in the two bright boys. He had no children of his own, so took much pleasure in their education, although Eugene played many pranks on him.

Next year Eugene left the College at Galesburg, Ill., and went to college at Columbia with his brother. The two boys were happy to be at the same school.

When Eugene was of age he fell heir to sixty thousand dollars, and thought he would like to take a trip to Europe. He went with a friend of his and stayed six months.

Before going to Europe he visited this friend, whose home was at St. Joseph, Michigan, and there met his friend's sister, Miss Julia Sutherland Comstock, whom he afterward married.

In later years he wrote of his wife under a portrait of her in one of his scrapbooks:

"You are fair and sweet and tender,
Dear brown-eyed little sweetheart of mine!
As when a callow youth and slender,
I asked to be your valentine."

He was only twenty-two when he returned from Europe and decided to take up newspaper work for a living, and received an offer from the St. Louis Evening Journal, which he accepted.

He worked there awhile, and then went back to St. Joseph to claim Miss Comstock as his bride.

They went to St. Louis to live, and there Mr. Field's advance in newspaper work was very rapid.

Here his two older children were born, Roswell Martin, and Mary French whom he nicknamed "Trotty."

Little Roswell Martin died when he was just a baby. This was a great sorrow to Mr. and Mrs. Field. In a little poem called "Christmas Treasures," Mr. Field very sweetly and sadly tells how he misses this little boy.

"I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy my darling knew;
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair."

And again he wrote,

TO THE PASSING SAINT.

"O dear saint, that blessest men
With the grace of Christmas joy,
Soothe this heart with love again,—
Give me back my little boy!"

Mr. Field went from St. Louis to Kansas City, and then to Denver where he was the managing editor of the Denver Tribune. While he was here he wrote the "Tribune Primer" which was a very funny little book.

There were not a great many copies of it printed, and several years afterward when Mr. Field came across a copy of it, he laughed

about it and said, "I am not ashamed of this little book, but, like the boy with the measles, I am sorry for it in spots."

Someone stole nearly all of this book and put his own name to it, as he did with the little poem called "The Peach." Mr. Field happened one day to read his own poem over someone else's name.

The few copies of the "Tribune Primer" became very valuable, and one of them not long ago sold for nineteen dollars. People making a collection of Mr. Field's books like to have everything he has written.

Mr. Field began to write quite a good deal in Denver besides his newspaper work, but wrote still more when he moved to Chicago to write on the "News."

His next little book was called "Culture's Garland," and then "A Little Book of Western Verse," which made him very popular, and is especially loved by all the children.

He sang many of his poems to his own dear children, and in this way found out just what children liked best.

After his day's work was done he would tell them of the sweet dreams that would come when

> "The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
> Comes stealing; comes creeping;"

Or perhaps he would say a sweet lullaby to help the tired eyes to close.

JAPANESE LULLABY

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
 Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
 Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
 Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
 Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
And silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
 Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
 Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
 Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
 Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? see, I am swinging—
 Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

Or perhaps it will be the little Dutch lullaby that the children will hear;

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
 Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
'We have come to fish for the herring-fish,
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,'
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the wonderful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

These lullabies have been set to beautiful music and sung by a great many people everywhere. Many tired little eyes have been sung to sleep by them.

Mr. Field lived many happy years in Chicago surrounded by his family and friends who loved the big kind-hearted man; but finally his health became so poor that he had hard work to write every day for the newspaper. He thought a trip to Europe would improve his health, so he and Mrs. Field decided to go; but what would they do with the children? Mr. Field would not consent to be parted from them so they took them with them.

They did not like to have them miss so much school, so they put the three boys, Melvin, Pinney, and Daisy, and the daughter, Trotty in a good school in Germany.

From there Mr. and Mrs. Field traveled a great deal. Mr. Field's poems and stories had been read in Europe and greatly admired, so

you may imagine how glad the people were to meet the man who wrote them.

They were even more delighted with him than with the poems. He was the life of the company wherever he went. He did not allow his poor health to make other people unhappy, but made others have a pleasant time.

His chief thought was of his children, and he wrote them every few days, and expected replies from them.

Here is one of the letters to his boys—

Amsterdam, Nov. 8, 1889.

My dear boys:—

I wonder whether you miss me as much as I miss you. I wish you were here in Amsterdam with us, for it is a beautiful city and is full of curious sights. Mr. Lynch has bought a pair of wooden shoes to take to little Leigh, and I have bought a funny old watch and a Dutch pipe. Tonight we go to London, and in the morning we shall be in the rooms where you were with us ten days ago. I shall expect to hear from each one of you once a week. Meanwhile be courteous and attentive to Prof. and Madame Ruhle; when you play, play hard, when you study, study hard. You must take good care of your health, and be careful not to over-exert yourself at the gymnasium. Pinney must write to Aunt Etta, Melvin must write to Mr. Gray, and sometime Dady

must write to his Aunt Carrie. On the other side are the office addresses. Goodbye, my dear boys; I shall write again from London in a day or two.

Affectionately,
Eugene Field.

Mr. Field's visit to Europe did not improve his health, and he complained of the fog of London and said there he was always cold.

His health also suffered through the death of his dear son Melvin, which occurred while they were abroad.

He wrote such beautiful letters to his other two sons, Pinney and Daisy, trying to comfort them for losing their playmate.

While he was in such deep sorrow he wrote the poem, Little Boy Blue, which more than any other touched the hearts of the people. When they read this poem they feel as if they had always known Mr. Field, and realized his great sorrow.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

While Mr. Field was in London he wrote the "Second Book of Verse" which was so well liked that everybody thought he would be a very great poet if he kept on writing.

His health being not a great deal better, he and his family returned to their home in Chicago.

He was very glad to get back and see all his friends and neighbors. He was glad to get back to his library with the books, and dolls, and Indian relics and musical swinging door, and everything just as he had left it.

He went back to his newspaper work and writing, and a little book of poems called "With

Trumpet and Drum," appeared and delighted everybody.

One day Mr. Field strolled down to "The Corner" where the "Saint's and Sinner's" Club met, and asked the man who kept the bookstore if he would send him up one of the chairs that was in the room called "The Corner."

The man said, "Why, what do you want with it?" Mr. Field said, "Oh, one of the members may be dying off some day and I'd like to have it to remember him by."

Mr. Field, himself, was the first member of this club to die. His death occurred November 4, 1895, in Chicago.

People grieved when they heard that their loved poet was dead; the children would not be comforted.

In one of his poems he speaks of the graveyard, the resting place of the dead, as God's Acre. Perhaps he was sicker than people thought, and felt that one day soon he would be resting there.

"Sleep, oh sleep!
The Shepherd loveth his sheep,
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may,—
Sleep, oh sleep."

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